

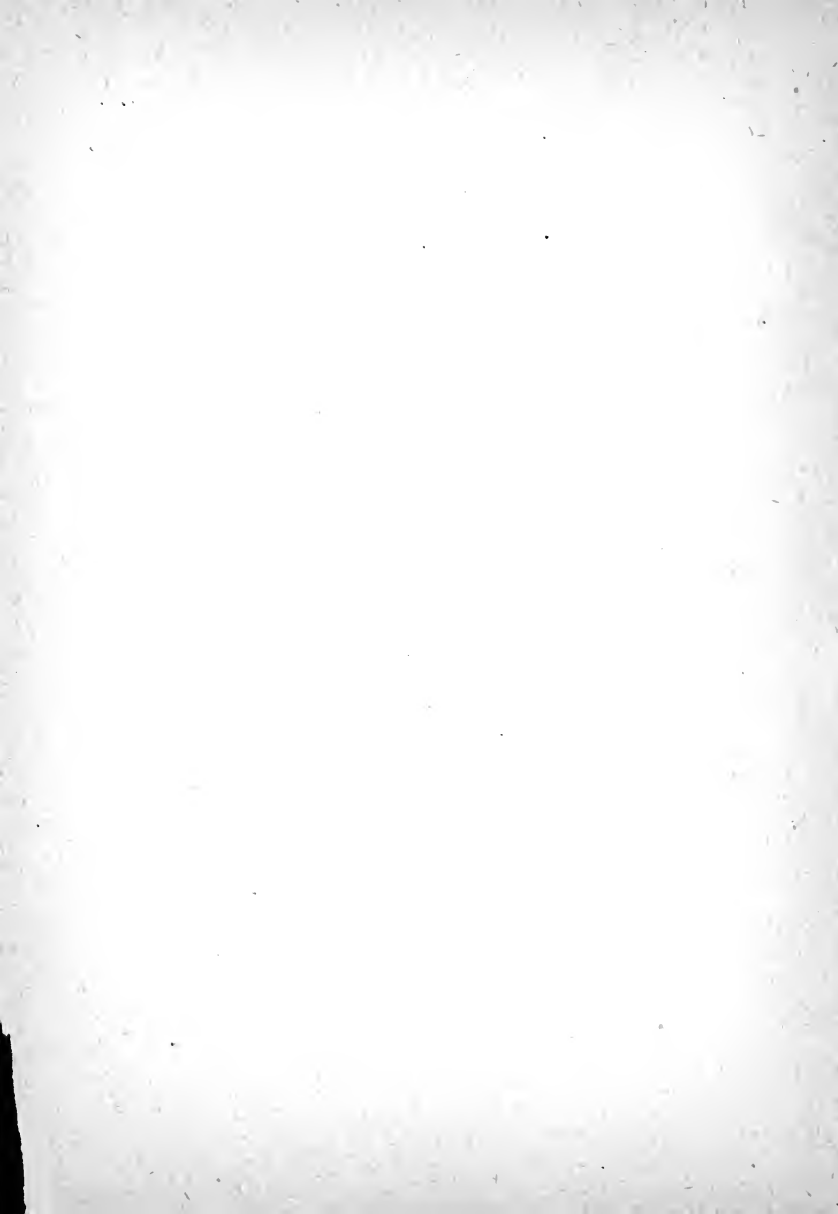
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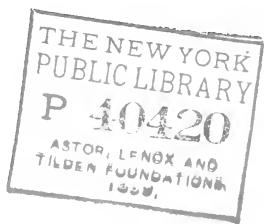
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



In Memoriam.

MRS. EDWARD ELY.

Died February 17, 1876.



KNIGHT & LEONARD, PRS.

“Who can find a virtuous woman?

For her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.

She riseth while it is yet night;

She worketh willingly with her hands.

She stretcheth out her hands to the poor,

She looketh well to the ways of her household,

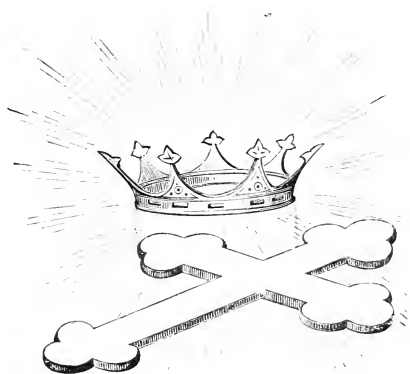
And eateth not the bread of idleness.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom;

And in her tongue is the law of kindness.”

“Give her of the fruit of her hands;

And let her own works praise her in the gates.”



A Tribute by Mrs. Theodore Yates,
Read before the
Alumnae of the Milwaukee Female College,
Friday Evening, Feb. 24, 1876.

MARGARET ELLEN, the eldest of three children of Harvey and Clarissa H. Curtis, was born in Port Byron, Cayuga County, N. Y., November 7, 1841.

In September, 1850, Mr. Curtis removed his family to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he has since resided.

In 1851, Ellen, with her sister Emma, began attending the Milwaukee Female College, and there found her dearest teacher and life-long friend, Miss Mortimer.

A few years later occurred Mrs. Curtis' brief illness and death in Cincinnati, whither Ellen, then only thirteen years of age, had accompanied her as nurse. That mother's life, of which in

many ways Ellen's has been a copy, was one of rare Christian attainment and untiring philanthropic labor. Mother and daughter were companions and friends, and even then Ellen was inspired with the motive of her mother's life—"the desire to go about doing good." Of her loss in her mother's death only those can speak to whom such loss is known, and to them words are meaningless.

She came back to school reserved and quiet, with a womanliness of character and perception that kept her, in a measure, aloof from her companions. Her hours were busier than theirs, as she assumed much of the care of her younger sister and brother, and by her loving tenderness shielded them from something of the keenness of her own sorrow. It is pleasant now to remember the busy fingers which, during recitations, knit for that little brother warm socks and mittens. Throughout his life, her love and care for him were like a mother's, and in his death she met her second severe trial.

After a pupilage in the College of eight years, interrupted only by her absence at the time of her mother's death, Ellen graduated, one of a class of twelve, July 20, 1859.

Miss Mortimer having left the Milwaukee College in 1858 and opened a school upon a similar plan in Baraboo, Ellen joined her in September, 1859, as advanced pupil and assistant teacher. There, with one who fully understood and deeply loved her, she passed a busy, useful year, and there the gladness of her nature began to reassert itself.

Returning home, where her father's second marriage, in 1856, to Miss Sarah Morris, had given her another valued friend, one who proved herself a wise, kind mother, and who ever found in Ellen help and comfort, she remained three years. Then on April 20, 1863, she became the wife of Mr. Edward Ely, of Chicago, where for thirteen years she lived and labored, and where, on Thursday morning, February 17, 1876, aged thirty-four years, she fell asleep.

A QUARTER of a century has passed
Since, in a sunny garden, four children
Played at living. Two were sisters, two a
Brother and a sister. Great packing-cases,
Which had brought the household goods of one home
To the city, were placed in order, and
Served as rooms for their mock mansion. Since then
No rooms have equaled those, nor walls enclosed
Much more of happiness. Ellen was chief
Among them, in thought and action far beyond
Her years. In that fair early morn, she sowed
The seeds, which yet may bear more harvest to
Her Lord.

Approach with me and look upon
That hour of happy play.

The children wait
On bended knees, while Ellen leads in prayer.
A song of praise from joyous hearts then goes
Up to God; and thus begins their day of
Childhood's work and pleasure. And thus begun,
With Ellen as their guide and fair example,
What could there be but peace and happiness?
In hours of work, as well as those of play,
Her footsteps followed close upon those of

A Christian mother—long since a saint in
Heaven, but who still lives in hearts and lives
Of those who knew and loved her. And when her
Mother left her, Ellen passed within the
Shadow that for many years lay dark upon
Her path. She thus early learned to sorrow
With the sorrowing. The glad ignorance
Of untried youth she soon exchanged for the
Clear sight which sorrow gives. She understood
The sadness of most lives, and longed to spend
Her days in helping those who needed help.

While yet a child, she stood alone within
God's holy temple, and there gave her life
To Him. Then she found, as in all after
Years, His worship her chief happiness.

Through all her school-days, Ellen's place was with
The most industrious and successful workers.
Busy years of study with dear friends, and
Honored teachers, were passed within these walls.
In many ways she showed her rarely keen
Appreciation of time's value, and
Into every passing moment crowded
All the good she could. By all respected,

Loved by the few who knew her best, she yet
Was never wholly understood. The great
Wealth hid within her loving heart was not
Then fully known. Ah! sad it is, that
We so oft must "entertain our angels
Unawares," and only in the rustling
Of their wings when they are leaving us,
At last, too late, discern their angelhood!

Her school-days closed, she, on her home, bestowed
The rich strength of her energies, the unmeasured
Fullness of her love. Three years there passed of
Quiet usefulness; and one was spent with her
Dear friend and former teacher, who, in the
Fairest region of our State, disclosed the
Beauties of true living to the unformed
Vision of young eyes. Thus, in study and
In teaching, with industry most earnest,
Gladly devoted, aiding all around,
Her hours found constant occupation.
Then, loved and loving, she became the wife
Of one whose aims and purposes were like
Her own; and in a happy, Christian home,
Began her life of larger usefulness.
Would all her classmates might have seen, as one

Was privileged to see, Ellen enthroned
At home. She had that rare ability
To achieve, without apparent effort,
Her purposes and duties. Those 'round her
Saw results. Unless their eyes were opened
By their love for her, they could never know
Of half her labors. Her right hand did ne'er
Disclose its duties to her left. Ah! would
All lives might evidence such earnestness
Of purpose and with sure fulfillment.
Would every one might count as readily
Untreasured, wasted moments!

The motto

Of her class was "Haste not, rest not." Rest, in
The sense of ceasing from her labors, she
Never knew; and only in the unselfish
Estimate she put upon her strength, might
She be thought unduly to have hastened.
The methods of her household by her were
Wisely ordered; her plan perfected,
Duties in their details moved smoothly on.
A perfect housekeeper, she was far more —
Ah! union rare! — as perfectly, home-maker.
Herself she ever lost in others. The means
Her husband's lavish hand poured into hers,

Were always used to magnify the good
And to relieve the miseries of those
Whose joys were few, whose needs and sorrows many.
Enough she saved to beautify her home,
And it *was* beautiful. But everything
Was done "as to the Lord." So wealth, within
Her hands, became a consecrated talent,
Raised to the height of holiness by wise
And faithful use. Unfettered by the iron
Bands of custom, to Divine commands she
Gave obedience *literal*. To glad feasts
In her own parlors she bade those by whom
She never could be bid again, and thus
Gave a glimpse of home to those who had none.
And when to other homes sickness and sorrow came,
There Ellen followed, and with tender care
Fed, nursed and comforted; nor did time, nor space,
Nor cold, nor heat, nor weariness detain her.
Dreading naught but failure in her duty,
She went wherever need preceded her,
And in her footsteps followed rest and peace.
Richly endowed with one of God's great gifts,
The tender, angel-like — nay, Saviour-like —
Ability to help the suffering,
Her presence in the sick-room was like an

Inspiration. The invalid, the friends,
Would feel such perfect trust in her, that fears
Would vanish: with this confidence in her —
Deep, soothing, like their trust in Providence —
Rest came to friends, and sleep to sleepless sick.
So now, in more than one heart lies this thought,
Under God's blessing, Ellen saved my life.

Her life was glad, as well as gladdening.
Her bright, refreshing cheeriness of word
And tone, betokened her deep happiness.
Her playfulness of humor smoothed the way
For all the small annoyances of life
To hasten on unheeded. On her own
Shoulders she bore the burdens most persons
Leave to others. "In love, always tender;
In friendship, always faithful; in counsel,
Ever wise: long-suffering in patience,"
That rarest of all virtues; "in balmy,
Soothing, deepest sympathy, unfailing."
Ah! blessed sympathy! an angel, thou
Hast strayed from heaven, with "healing in thy
wings,"
To show, through tender hearts, to weary ones,
The height, the depth, the preciousness of love.

Thus beautifully her life has passed; and now
Is finished. Is past? Can it be closed?
Is that heart stilled, which only beat that all
The energy its throbbings gave might be
Expended for the good of others? Great,
Faithful heart! Do those hands rest, their tireless
Ministrations ended? Them, "Sleep and his twin
Brother" alone could fold! Blest, blessing hands!
Ah! gracious life! Filled full with love and
Faithfulness! So short, if told in years; so long,
If measured by its usefulness.

No need

Had she for warning of the coming of
Her Lord, for she was always ready.
Her heart was His, her labors His, and
Every moment in her years had been made
Sacred in His service. The poor she helped,
The suffering nursed, the dead made ready
For their burial. And now, upon her grave, the
Tears of widows and of orphans, the homeless
And the friendless, fall thick and fast. And watered
So, upspringing in the fair garden of
Her Lord, the flowers, the seeds of which she
Planted, with faithful and unsparing hands,

In early morn, at noon, and until night,
Are blooming, bright and beautiful.

But homes
Are darkened by her death. Loved parents,
Who had found in her a friend and counselor
As well as daughter, and sisters, who had
Leaned upon her strength as on another
Mother,—these are bowed down with grief. And still
Lonelier and still more sorrowing, her
Husband and her daughter are groping in
Thick darkness, the sunlight of her presence
Being gone.

Ah! words must fail! They cannot
Tell of her most loving loveliness.
Home knew her best; had her best care; was wreathed,
And blossomed with her virtues. Now—alas!
Her worth is but the measure of its emptiness,
Of her husband's and her daughter's loss.
Ah! great loss is theirs! deep, grievous loss!
Oh! lonely homes! Oh! weary, aching hearts!
Oh! sad days that must be lived in longing
For her, will drag but slowly on. And down
The path of life, the shadow of this cross
Falls to its close. Life's duties must be done,
And deep within itself each heart must hide

Its agony. Is there no help? None, save
In their God: and in His care we leave them.
Only lovingly His chastening hand
Has laid itself upon them. To His home
At last, life's sorrows o'er, they will be brought;
And for them there, their Ellen waits, loving
And serving still. United there, together
They will praise and serve their God. There will
Be no further fear of parting. Their dread
Foe, e'en in his vict'ry, will be vanquished.
Only the dead need have no fear of Death.

Friends of the Alumnæ! Our ranks in numbers
Now have lost the fourth. Classmates!
Our chain of twelve, so many years unbroken,
At last has lost one link. Ellen first has
Passed within the veil. To her eyes, e'en now
Are the mysteries of the unknown world
Revealed. Our dim vision is exchanged
For the clear sight of heaven. "Face to face"
She stands before the Saviour whom she loved
Unseen. Her cross has now become her crown.

Yet, from her perfect readiness and sudden
Death, there sounds a voice of warning in our
Ears, who knew and loved her: "Be ye also
Ready, for in an hour ye think not, the
Son of Man will come."





**A Brief Review
Of Her Life and Labors in Chicago,
By a Dear Friend.**

IN speaking of her, we do not wish to flatter, in any way, one whose work was all done so quietly and humbly, and who was so modest in the doing of it; but we wish to give a simple tribute to her memory. We could not tell of all she did, for she was one who did not let her right hand know what her left hand was doing. She was active in working for the Home of the Friendless, the Hospital and its Flower Mission, the Burr Mission and its missionary work, and other charitable institutions; besides which she was continually finding out cases of need among the poor of our city, and to many a prisoner in our jail has she spoken a kind and sympathizing word. Her pastor said of her that

he had seldom spoken to her of a person in distress that she did not already know of, and, perhaps, had even given the helping hand. The Sabbath was an especially busy day for her. She taught a class of boys in her own church school in the morning, then attended church, and in the afternoon she was busy again at the Burr Mission, teaching a class of men (who will fill her place there?); and again at service in the evening her place was seldom vacant, for she loved to be there.

She had attended to all these duties on Sunday, the 6th of February, and was apparently in perfect health. Well do we remember her bright, cheerful answer to a question we put to her as we were all leaving the church that evening. On Monday morning, the 7th, as she was superintending some household work, she fell; and loving hands carried her up to what, alas! was to prove her death-bed. Her husband was sent for, and doctors were called, who pronounced it a stroke of apoplexy, and gave very

little hope. However, in the course of the day she seemed to get a little better; and for ten days there was a gradual improvement, and strong hopes were entertained of her recovery. Those were ten precious days to her sorrowing husband and daughter.

All was going on well; and at our little morning prayer-meeting we had daily remembered her, and were so grateful that God seemed answering our prayers. He did answer them, but not as we expected. The morning of the last day of her life, she remarked, "I thought I had a strong desire for life, but I find I have not." About nine o'clock in the evening she grew alarmingly worse. With a sudden exclamation of pain, she put her hands to her head and sank back unconscious, and at five minutes before one o'clock, on Thursday morning, the 17th, she passed quietly away, without a struggle.

She left a sorrowing household. Husband, daughter and servants feel such a blank as nought on earth can fill.

She was buried on Sabbath following, and the large concourse of friends assembled, showed, more than any words of ours could tell, how much her loss is felt. Rich and poor were there, to pay the last sad tribute to her they loved and respected so much. A few of her friends began the service by singing one of her favorite hymns:

It is well! It is well!
God's ways are always right,
And love is o'er them all,
Tho' far above our sight.

It is well! It is well!
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds who knows to bind
And heal the broken heart.

It is well! It is well!
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'T will make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day!

It is well! It is well!
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

Then Prof. Fisk (an old friend) read selections, as follows: Psalms xc and xxiii; John x, 19-27; xiv, 1-4; xvii, 24; 1 Corinthians xv, 51-58; Revelations xiv, 13; vii, 16, 17; xxii, 1-6; and gave a short address. Then was sung:

Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps up to Heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise.
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

followed by a few words from her pastor, who feels that he has lost one of his best and most earnest workers, and one whose place will probably never be filled. Among other things, he said: "The many qualities which made that vanished life so precious, are rarely found in such combination. Her intellect was the clearest and brightest; her heart the tenderest, overflowing with kindness to all whom she could reach; her sagacity was keen, her judgment uniformly good, her tact seemed perfect, her

courage and vigor were duly tempered with prudence; her practical ability in all kinds of work was quite wonderful; while as a foundation, she had a large measure of physical strength and endurance. And all these powers were consecrated to the service of Him who, when He was here upon earth, 'went about doing good.'" The last hymn was one which our dear sister sung nearly every Sabbath evening:

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

After a prayer had been offered, she was carried to Graceland (A. J. Averell, F. D. Gray, N. S. Bouton, E. Foote, F. Crumbaugh and R. W. Ralston acting as pall-bearers), and as the coffin was gently lowered, these lines were softly sung:

Peacefully lay her down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on her breast;
Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.

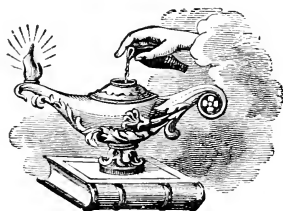
Peacefully sleep,
Sleep till that morning,
Peacefully sleep.

Quietly sleep, beloved one,
Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done;
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bid thee from dust to glory arise.

Peacefully sleep,
Sleep till that morning,
Peacefully sleep.

After a closing prayer, we left her, surrounded by the wealth of flowers which loving hands had placed beside her, and which when here on earth she loved so well.

We still say "It is well," and pray that her death may be more blessed in its effect on us all, and on all who knew her, than even her life might have been.





Resolutions by the Board of Managers of the Home for the Friendless.

AT the meeting of the Board of Managers of the Home for the Friendless, held at the Home March 1, 1876, the following preamble was read and resolutions passed:

WHEREAS, in the Providence of God, one of our most highly esteemed and efficient workers has been suddenly called from us, in the midst of her untiring labors and great usefulness;

Resolved, While we feel that our loss is indeed great, almost more than we can bear, we bow submissively to the Divine Will, knowing that "He doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we regard the record she has left us as a rich legacy, inciting us to renewed activity and greater faithfulness.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be

sent to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their heavy bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of the Home, and published in the *Home Visitor*.

Resolutions by the Ladies' Hospital Fruit Mission.

THE Ladies' Hospital Fruit Mission met on Thursday, March 8, to express their sorrow at the death of Mrs. Edward Ely, their beloved and efficient treasurer, and as a slight tribute of their respect, friendship and regard for her, they adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in her death we deplore the loss of a kind friend and colaborer, great in her

charities, beloved by the poor, and whose life is well worthy of our imitation.

Resolved, That we tender to her husband and family, whose loss is irreparable, our sincere, earnest sympathy and condolence, knowing that in her loss they have suffered more than words can express.





